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NO. 36.

*HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;*

OR, THE  
COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

UPON entering the inn-yard, I perceived several gentlemen's carriages; and, upon inquiry whether they were assembled upon any extraordinary occasion, or if it was a general mode of traffic upon the road. The landlord informed me a county meeting, every quarter, regularly took place at his house: adding, that in consequence, his larder was stored with the choicest dainties, and that he did not doubt but he could gratify the appetite of the greatest epicure.

Having informed my communicative companion that I preferred a good cook to the most refined dainty, I desired him to let me have a broiled chicken for my supper, at the same time requesting to be shewn into a room, unconnected with those occupied by the gentlemen who composed the county meeting; alledging, as a reason, my having letters to write.

"I'll put your honour into a room," replied Boniface, "where you wont even hear a pin drop to disturb you; for I believe I may say, what every few men in my business can, that I have

apartments that will suit the turn of every customer: whether they're merry, or whether they're sad, young or aged, I care not a feather; whether in coaches, or whether they pad, I need not confine them together!" sang he, taking a candle from the waiter, and conducting me through a long gallery, to the farthest end of the house.

"Wax lights, and pens, ink, and paper, into the recess," vociferated he, preceding me to my solitary apartment, which he certainly had not improperly named; the lights immediately followed, and I declared myself perfectly satisfied with my retreat. Having been informed that, with the greatest expedition, my supper could not be ready in less than three quarters of an hour, I sat down to my intended employment, but my attention was suddenly attracted by a deep sigh, or rather a stifled groan. I started from the table, surveyed the apartment, for it seemed so near, that I actually fancied it in the room; all, however, was total silence, and I began to fancy it must have been merely imagination. A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, when the sigh was repeated; and again it roused me from my seat: I arose, and rang the bell, but at that moment two waiters, with the tray and supper, appeared.

"Have you any sick person in this

house?" I eagerly demanded; for I have been disturbed by a most melancholly groan.—"No sir, no;" replied one of the waiters, in a stammering tone. "That is a falsehood," I exclaimed, with a degree of vehemence in my voice; "for your very mode of replying to the inquiry, convinces me you have spoken an untruth"—"Why, sir," rejoined the fellow, "some gentle-folks have such a dislike to be in a house of this kind, when death happens, that my master wished to keep it a secret; but it is only a poor needy young woman, who came to the George about a week back; she was mortal bad when she first comed here, but she has been growing worse and worse ever since, and is now, I fancys, almost at the last gasp; at least so Peggy, the house-maid, tells me; for I have not seen her since I helped her up stairs."

"And who," I eagerly demanded, "is with the poor dying sufferer?"—"God and a good conscience, I hope, your honour," replied the waiter, with a sigh: "for no longer pipe no longer dance, you know in this world: and that my master allows her a bed to lay upon, is, as I may say, out of charity; though Peggy says, as how the poor thing had a few trinkets tied up in a little bundle, which she gave master, cause as how, she had not a penny left."

At that moment we heard the voice of the charitable landlord upon the stairs, "God bless your honour, dont say a word about what I have told you, to my master," said the poor fellow, in an imploring accent, as he placed the chicken upon the table. "Have you supped, landlord?" I enquired, pointing to the table; "if not, with the addition of a plate of ham, this will serve us both; and, as I dislike a solitary meal, I shall be glad of your company, particularly as I do not find myself in a writing mood." In fact, the imperfect sketch I had just received of the forlorn stranger's situation, had absorbed every other idea; and I thought, if I could induce the landlord to accept the invitation, the plaintive sound might be repeated, and afford me an opportunity of questioning him respecting it. He assured me, that so far from having supped, he had

not even tasted dinner that day, "but, thank God," he added, "I am now at liberty to enjoy a meal; for the county meeting has broken up, and as you are so polite sir, I will do myself the pleasure of being your guest."

Finding port was my guest's favourite wine, I ordered a bottle of the best that could be set before us, with two of ale; the only liquor which I generally drank at night; then desiring our attendants to put the things on a dumb waiter, I told them we could dispense with their presence. Though I had really felt hunger when I entered the George, the eagerness with which I listened for the groan of anguish, totally took away my appetite; my friend Boniface, however, seemed so completely to relish the chicken, that he never thought of paying the least attention to my plate. The cloth was, however, removed, and near ten minutes elapsed afterwards, before the token I was desirous of hearing was repeated; when a louder groan then any which had escaped the lips of the forlorn sufferer, acted as an electrical shock upon my guest; for, starting from his seat, and looking round the apartment, he exclaimed, "Good God! what is that?"—"What is that, indeed!" I repeated, with pretended astonishment. When, recollecting himself, he said, "I beg you ten thousands pardons, sir, for having wholly forgotten that the poor girl was gone to bed; it is only a poor girl," continued he, "who is subject to terrible fits; she has had one this evening, and I have heard the house-maid say, she is apt to groan after them; but your bed-room, sir, is far distant from this apartment, and therefore you will not be disturbed by her; yet, as the company are all gone, suppose we go into the Lion, and there finish our bottle."

"By no means," said I: "for that groan has interested my feelings; and I entreat you to tell me all you know of the poor young woman. Is she a traveller? is she a relation? is she your servant?"—"Lord, sir, what I can tell you is not worth listening to; in short, I know very little about her myself. But this I know, that many in my situa-

tion would not have let such a poor pennyless mortal remain one hour under their roof ; but, somehow, she begged so hard, and seemed actually expiring, that I had not a heart to turn her into the street."

"Expiring!" I repeated, in a tone of astonishment ; "why you informed me she was subject to fits."—"And so she is," rejoined Boniface, evidently provoked with himself for allowing truth to escape his lips ; "but then there fits will certainly be the death of her, and then she must be buried at the expense of the parish ; and so, your honour, here is a speedy journey, and that soon, to her, as a certain elderman once gave as a toast : " so saying, he filled himself a bumper, and tossed it down his throat.

"Well, my friend," said I, "though you seem to take merit to yourself for not suffering the unfortunate object we are speaking of to perish in the streets ; yet, I am sorry to say, you do not appear to sympathize much in her situation, at least, I think myself authorised in forming that opinion, after the toast you have just drank. However, my good fellow, as Providence has blessed me with the means of relieving the unfortunate, and succouring the friendless in distress, I wish to see the ill-fated young woman, for the purpose of discovering whether her complaint is beyond the reach of medical skill ; I intreat you will, therefore, send some female into her apartment, to inform her a gentleman of the faculty wishes to offer her his advice."

"Your honour is very good to be sure," replied Boniface ; "but some how or other I do not take you to be a doctor ; and if the poor thing was to see you, perhaps she might think as how you was only making game of her."

"That idea will soon vanish when I make her acquainted with the motive by which I am actuated ; therefore, pray order your servant to deliver my message, or I shall unceremoniously do it myself." As I made this declaration in a decided tone, my landlord, doubtless perceived I was not to be trifled with ; he hurried down stairs, muttering to himself, "If I could have foreseen the

end of this business, I would have put the vagabond into a better room."

Peggy, or some other servant, however, in a few moments came running up stairs, but scarce had she opened the door of the adjoining chamber, (if such it might be denominated) than she shrieked out, "Lord have mercy upon me, surely the poor creature is dead!" I rushed into the room, which, in fact, was nothing better than a dark closet, and beheld the unfortunate female stretched on a truckle bed ; her eyes were closed, her mouth half open, and her countenance appeared the very image of death. On a three-legged stool stood a cracked mug, with a little water in it, which I hastily snatched up, and began sprinkling the face and rubbing the hands of the unfortunate, which were overspread with a cold damp.

"Great God!" said I, "were you all such a parcel of unfeeling wretches, as to permit this ill-fated being to expire, without a friend to close her eyes?"—

"Lord, sir," replied the girl, "how can a poor servant go for to do any thing against her master's and mistress's orders? Besides, we have been so mortal busy all day, that I don't suppose any body thought about the poor creature."

"You ought to have recollected, that you have a Master to serve, who will call you to a strict account for every uncharitable deed. But fly down stairs, bring me up a cordial, and send one of the waiters for a doctor this instant:" for I observed the hapless creature began to revive. The girl returned in a few moments ; I eagerly snatched the glass from her hand and with a teaspoon forced a few drops between the sufferer's lips. A violent hiccup alarmed my feelings, as I began to fear I had strangled the poor creature ; but, recovering herself in a few moments, she opened her languid eyes, and gazed upon me with a look which at once expressed despair, gratitude, and astonishment. (To be continued.)

If you drive a pair of horses, do not envy the man who drives six. He lives at six times the expense you do, and has six times the number of plagues that you have.



The following elegant Sketch is from the classic pen of Charles Phillips, esq. a celebrated Irish Barrister, well known as the distinguished Orator and Champion of Catholic Emancipation. It was first published at Sligo on the 18th of April last.

#### CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

He is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.—Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive ; a will despotic in its dictates ; an energy that distanced expedition ; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character. the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people that acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity ! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the chance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God, but ambition, and with a stern devotion, knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess—there was no opinion he did not promulgate ; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent ; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross ; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic : and, with a paricidal ingratitude, on the ruins of the throne and the tribune, he reared the tower of his despotism ! A professed catholic, he imprisoned the Pope ; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country ; and in the name of Brutus,\* he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars !

Through this pantomime of his policy fortune played the clown to his capri-

ces. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat, assumed the operations of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent ; decision flashed upon his councils, and it was the same, to decide, and to perform.—To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable—but, in his hand, simplicity marked their developement, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind : if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount ; space no opposition that he did not spurn ; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity ! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals.—All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation ; kings were his people ; Nations were his out-post ; and he disposed of courts, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes he stood immutable, as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or drawing room ; with the mob or the levee ; wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown ; banishing a Braganza or espousing a Lorraine ; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic ; he was still the same military despot.

To be concluded in our next.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FORCE  
OF GRATITUDE.

A Gentleman in the western parts of England had two daughters at marriage state, the elder of whom was addressed by a person whose birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match; but notwithstanding these advantages, joined to a most grateful form, and many great accomplishments of mind, she could not be brought to listen to his courtship with any degree of satisfaction, while her younger sister languished in the most ardent passion for him:—her love was of that pure and disinterested kind, that though by what she felt, was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a return in kind, yet so much did she prefer his satisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good offices in her power with her sister. Their father soon discovered the different inclinations of his daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate of her aversion, and loth to lose the opportunity of so good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngest; but all efforts of that nature were wholly vain. His reason avowed the merits of the kinder fair—it pointed out the lasting comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly loved him; but his heart refused to listen to any other dictates than it's own, and shut out all impressions but those it had first received: not all the disdain he was treated with by the one had power to abate the ardor of his flame; nor all the soft though modest tokens of an affection adequate to her sister's hate, could in the other kindle the least spark. A kind look from the one, transported him beyond himself; but the tender glances of the other served only to add to his disquiet. Thus did the beautiful insensible, her hapless sister, and despairing lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill fated day put a final period to all uncertainty and vain dependance. The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleasure; to this he invited the two sisters,

with several other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the sea-side, in order to give them a regale on board it. The weather being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable distance from shore, when all at once the aspect of the heavens was changed, and from a most serene sky, became cloudy and tempestuous; the wind grew every moment higher, and blew so strong against them, that in spite of their intention, they were borne still farther out at sea. The storm increasing, the vessel being weak, and, as some say, the mariners unskillful, it bulged against a rock, and split at the bottom; the sea came pouring in on all sides—there was but a moment between the accident and sinking—every one was in the utmost consternation.—The circumstances admitted no time for consideration—all jumped overboard, taking hold of those they were the most anxious to preserve. The gentleman caught the two sisters one under each arm, and for a while, even thus incumbered, combated the waves; but his strength failing, there was an absolute necessity to quit his grasp of the one, in order to save the other; on which, following the emotions of his gratitude rather than his love, he let go the elder of these ladies, and swam with the younger till he reached the shore. One of the sailors, who had got under his protection, saw the distress of her whom her lover had left floating and caught hold of her garments just as she was sinking; but destiny forbade success to his endeavours; a billow, too large and boisterous for human skill or strength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, into the immense abyss. Her lover, who had just eased himself of his burden, beheld from shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the shock, turned to the lady he had preserved at the expence of all he valued in life, and with a countenance full of horror and despair, said to her, "Madam, I have discharged my debt of gratitude to you, for the unsought affection you have for me—I must now obey the calls of love,

and follow her, whom to survive would be the worst of hells." With these words, he threw himself with the utmost violence amongst the waves, which immediately swallowed him up. The young lady had neither power nor time to utter any thing to prevent so desperate a deed, and only giving a shriek, fell down in a swoon; in which posture she was found by those, who seeing the distress of the pinnacle afar off, were coming to administer what relief the occasion would admit.

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TO X. Y. Z.

Being an answer to the Bachelor in our paper of the 24th ult. It came too late to be inserted in our last paper.

Having long since been disgusted with the trifling and nonsensical behaviour of the beaux of the present day, and the qualifications which they deem *sine qua non* in a wife not comporting with those I profess, viz. fondness for gaiety and dress, which I am sorry to say engrosses most of the time of many of the female sex, to the almost entire exclusion of a regard for more substantial virtues, which can alone constitute the true happiness of themselves and their domestic partners. I embrace the opportunity offered in the hopes of meeting with a *reasonable* being. As I am not sufficiently sanguine (nor could I from your description of yourself if it be entirely correct) to expect to meet with a person entirely free from human frailties, therefore those most incident to human nature, will be overlooked.

I have sufficient vanity to believe that my qualifications both mental and personal, will not displease you, therefore if on to-morrow or the ensuing day, you will walk in Stone-st. between the hours of four and five, P. M. holding a pocket-handkerchief in your hand to distinguish you from other persons walking there, you will be favored with a view of

A. B. C.

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MORALS.

Endeavor to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor con-

demn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering, always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all sects of Christians—and that to his own master, every one must stand or fall.

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GOOD RULES FOR BAD SPORTSMEN.

On coming to a bush or copse, beat it well with the muzzle of your gun, and shout lustily; this will put your dogs in spirits, and if there is any game, you will be certain of putting it up.

On stopping to rest yourself, always put the muzzle of your gun under one arm; it will serve to support you and prevent any wet or rain from getting down the barrel.

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PRETTY WIT.

A lady told a simple gentleman, that his wit was *pretty*: Why so? says he: Because, says she, you have so *little*—and all *that's little is pretty*.

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EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of Mr. Wild, to Miss Joy,  
First courtship *Wild* and *Joy* ecstatic,  
The brighten'd hours of youth beguil'd;  
Then marriage snatch'd the *Joy* emphatic,  
And left the parties *doubly WILD*.

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MONITION TO THE LADIES.

Myrtilla rising with the dawn,  
Steals roses from the blushing morn;  
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,  
*Aurora* steals them back again.

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THE BULLY.

How kind has nature unto Bluster been,  
Who gave him dreadful looks, and dauntless  
    mein;  
Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dis-  
    may,  
And, kinder still, gave *legs* to run away!

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THE STY.

A lady complaining her eye was quite sore—  
"Tis a sty, said another, take my word, noth-  
    ing more.  
▲ would-be witty young man, who heard them,  
    then said,  
Then buy a young pig, and put in it, sweet  
    maid.



## Seat of the Muses.

### HYMN.

[The following beautiful hymn for **EPIPHANY** a festival of the Episcopal Church, celebrated on the 12th day after Christmas, in commemoration of our Saviour's being manifested to the world by the appearance of a miraculous star, is from the *Christian Observer*, a monthly magazine of sterling merit, published in England, and re-published in Boston.]

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !

*Star of the East*, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall !

Angels adore him in slumber reclining !  
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ;  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine !

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration :  
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor !

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
*Star of the East*, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

### LINES

Written on the death of Dr. Robert Ralston, a native of Scotland : a man of real genius and extensive erudition, and to both a character every way excellent. He died at Richmond, Virg. on the 17th ult.

Yz Virtues and Graces come bring  
Your Tribute in concert with Love,  
Cull all the rich Flowrets of Spring,  
And place in their centre a Dove.

As Candor oft visits his Tomb,  
She'll say, " My Son's Emblem I view,  
" Like a Flowret he fell in his bloom,  
" Like a Dove he was tender and true.

" No Heap of proud Sculpture he needs,  
" To mark where his Ashes now lie,  
" Nor Scroll letter'd o'er with his Deeds,  
" To prompt the soft Bosom to sigh.

" His Name and bright Genius shall live,  
" Embalm'd by the Breath of the Muse,  
" While Fame has a Laurel to give,  
" Or Pity a Pillow bedews."

### TO A LADY WHO SANG IN TOO LOW A VOICE.

WHEN beauteous Laura's gentle voice  
Divides the yielding air,  
Fix'd on her lips, the fault'ring sounds,  
Excess of joy declare.

There ling'ring round the rosy gate  
They view their fragrant cell ;  
Unrivelling to depart that mouth  
Where all the Graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense  
With soft imperfect sound ;  
While thousand others die within,  
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet thro' this cloud, distinct and clear  
Sweet sense directs its dart ;  
And while it seems to shun the ear,  
Strikes full upon the heart.

### THE WINTER'S DAY.

WHEN raging storms deform the air,  
And clouds of snow descend,  
And the wide landscape bright and fair,  
No deepen'd colours blend ;

When biting frost rides on the wind,  
Bleak from the north and east,  
And wealth is at it's ease reclin'd,  
Prepar'd to laugh and feast :

When the poor traveller treads the plain,  
All dubious of his way,  
And crawls with still increasing pain,  
And dreads the parting day :

When poverty, in vile attire,  
Shrinks from the biting blast,  
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,  
And fears it will not last :

When the fond mother hugs her child  
Still closer to her breast,  
And the poor infant, frost beguil'd,  
Scarce feels that it is prest :

Then let the bounteous hand extend  
Its blessing's to the poor ;  
Nor spurn the wretched while they bond,  
All suppliant at your door.

### TO SYMPATHY.

HAIL, dear enchantress of the gen'rous soul !  
Offspring of virtue pure, and spotless love ;  
Whether with tearful eye thou lov'st to rove  
With Shipwreck'd wretches 'neath the frozen pole,

Or where of war the gory chariots roll :  
Where fond Affection seeks the cypress grove,  
Or mis'ry's moans the tenderest anguish move.

O ! let my bosom own thy soft control !  
And, while to thee I tune the fervid strings,  
What tho' they glow not with a Petrarch's fire,  
Still let me find beneath thy placid wings  
Some friendly shelter from misfortunes ire !  
And bid the artless muse, as wild she sings,  
Each sorrowing breast with heavenly hope inspire !

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY JANUARY 7. 1815

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

London dates to the 3d of Nov. (by way of Halifax and Boston) have been received. The principal intelligence contained in them, respects the war with the U. S. Some divisions of troops had sailed for the American coast; others were preparing for the same destination, and the greatest exertions making for prosecuting the war on a great scale.

It is said "a British ship loaded with 700 barrels of flour, bound to Pensacola, by mistake entered the bay of Mobile, and was captured by the Americans. The flour was intended for the British troops."

Within the course of a week or two, several valuable prizes have arrived in different ports of the United States.

A report is in circulation, that the United States frigate Constitution, which sailed from Boston, the 17th ult. has sunk the Maidstone British frigate.

Captain Fish who arrived at Salem, the 1st inst. in 14 days from Havannah, reports that a letter of marque schr. from New-Orleans, arrived the day he sailed, and reported that 152 sail of all descriptions with 15,000 troops had arrived off the Balize, for New-Orleans, and that a number of them had gone over the bar.

A letter from New-Orleans, dated 28th Nov. represents that place completely secure at all points, and inaccessible from the river, says that exclusive of natural advantages, the Forts at Plaquemin and the Levee, had been greatly strengthened. New works were thrown up at the English Turn, and they were well supplied with block ships, gun-boats, rafts, &c. &c.

A postscript to the same letter under date of the 2d December, states that gen. Jackson, had that day arrived there, but makes no mention of the enemy.

Another letter of the 10th says, gen Jackson, had some days previous gone down the Balize, to visit the different Forts and make his arrangements.

On Thursday evening last, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a fire broke out in the block of stables in Theatre-alley, directly opposite the rear of the Theatre, and raged with great fury, till it had consumed nearly the whole range on that Alley, and also on that side of Nassau street adjoining, in all 15 or 20 buildings. The house occupied by the managers of the Theatre, as a paint shop, was entirely consumed with all its contents. The cornices of the Theatre took fire several times, but were extinguished without any material injury to the building.—*Merc*

Soon after the alarm of fire was spread, the report was that the Theatre was in flames!—

This brought to the recollection of every one the late tremendous fire at the Richmond Theatre! No language can paint the feelings excited, as it was generally known, that the appearance at the Theatre of the Gallant MACDONOUGH, had filled the house, Providence had otherwise ordered it. Altho' the roof of this immense pile was several times on fire, and altho' the building in which the scenery was painted, was laid in ashes, yet the Theatre was preserved, and the audience retired in safety without the least accident.

Of the usual activity of our firemen, too much praise cannot be bestowed—and to the timely exertions of the men stationed on the roof of the Theatre, may be attributed, in a secondary point of view, its preservation.—*Gaz.*

## Capital.

### MARRIED.

By the rev Mr. Borke, Mr. William Weyman to Miss Cornelia Fredenburgh.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. William H. Leggett, to Miss Margaret Wright, daughter of Mr. Augustus Wright, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Emery, Mr. John Salters, to Miss Susan Warner, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Warner, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Pheobus, Mr. Timothy Jones, to Miss Maria Taylor, both of this city.

## Obituary.

### DIED.

Mrs. Catherine Whitney, relict of the late Mr. Asa Whitney, in the 37th year of her age.

Mr. Abraham Van Gelder, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 81 years.

Mr. James Van Dyne, aged 46.

Mrs. Jane Anderson, wife of Dr. Alexander Anderson.

At New-Brunswick, (N. J.) Mrs. Sarah Livingston, wife of the rev. Dr. Livingston, in the 63d year of her age.

In England, John Linch, a gardener; who having sat up in a green-house, to watch the garden for the detection of robbers, was found dead on the ground the next morning, having all the appearance of having died by suffocation, the vitality of the air having been destroyed by the mephitic gas from the plants during the night.

### THE MUSEUM,

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